

## Enya

Let us pack a bag and go  
to some random place we've never known  
let's just run out on the street  
it doesn't matter where as long as we stand on our own feet

Let us run and travel and explore  
let us sing as loud and long till our throats get sore  
I sing until you hear my voice it's like a spark  
so let it lead you as fire does in the dark

And they say home is where your heart is but how can I know?  
So what do I have to look for, is it my heart or my home?

People say that life was better back then  
in the good old times so I tried to run  
backwards struggling through the past  
without a fucking clue where I got lost

Where can we go, where can we stay?  
Which path to choose which is the better way?  
Why do we care and wonder how?  
We shouldn't be worried cause the time is always now

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